CHOLERA HOGS FOR INSANE

Hogs from a Drove Affected with Cholera Served to Insane Patients.

Testimony Taken Before the Legislative Committee-Infamy of the Coy-Harrison-Sullivan Insane Hospital Ring.

In 1886 a committee reprepresenting the Indiana Civil-service Reform Association, and consisting of Hon. Wm. D. Foulke, Oliver T. Morton and Louis Howland, investigated the present Democratic management of the Insane Hospital. They were assisted in their labors by Lucius B. Swift and A. A. McKain. The report made by the committee contained the following extract:

"It may be well to state in this connection that between Dec. 9, 1884, and July 30, 1885, 14,213 pounds of dead hogs were sold by the asylum for fertaizing purposes. Most of these hoge died soon after they were purchased by the board. How much diseased pork finds its way to the tables of the patients it is impossible to say, shee the annual report contains only the record of the hogs which were so badly diseased that bey died before the time of killing arrived, and were sold. There is no doubt that a great deal if diseased meat has been consumed as food. Of over 600 hogs, purchased more than half died. One lot were apparently 'death-striken' when delivered at the hospital. They begin to die rapidly, and at the same time slaightering went on for the tables. It was ned-and-neck between disease and the butcher's

This charge was hotly denied by the trustees and the Democratic press. A legislative investilation followed, and the Democratic "whitewashing" committee had the effrontery to say tiat "the testimony for the defense shows conensively that no hogs ever died out there with ne cholera." The following evidence shows he reckless mendacity of this statement, and imphasizes the necessity of expelling the corrupt board of trustees now in control of the in-

From the testimony of Dr. Thomas H. Harrison, President of the Board of Trustees. House report: Onestion. How many hogs have you bought during your administration?

How many have died? I would say a couple of hundred-from Is that not a good many out of 1,5001

When cholera strikes them they all go. They said it was cholera. There were two years that we were very successful; we never lost any hogs. How fast did they die! They died within a few days or a few

From the testimony of James Orrall, p. 362. House re-Question. Did you ever see any killed from a dying drove where hogs were lying dead from

Answer. At the time hogs were dressed I have seen hogs lying in the lot. Where the hogs were dressed? In a lot where the hogs were being

And those hogs had died of cholera? A. Those that were lying there were sup-posed to have died from cholera. Q. They had all the indications, did they?

From the testimony of Dr. Fletcher, p. 378: Question-Do you know of any hogs that were bought from Mr. Landers for the asylum? Answer-I understood they were bought from You have in mind the particular lot?

Yes, sir. Did you notice their appearance particularly as to being well or diseased? A. I did not myself at the time they were brought the first day. How long before you did, if you did at all? My attention was called to them by the

farmer. In how long a time? I think the second day. What did you discover then? He reported that one or two of the hogs were sick when these arrived, and he said he

How did it turn out? I do not think that fifty died in ten days; but afterward a large number died. Of that lots

would bet anything that fifty of them would be

Q. Do you know of any hogs being bought from a man on J. J. Cooper's farm? A. I understood that hogs were bought there; I did not see them bought Did these hogs have the cholera?

I do not know; I think that they all died in about the same manner, and it was properly called cholera. The October hogs died, tool

A. I think they did. The records of the hes-Q. In what year was this hog cholers down A. I think in 1884, 1885 and 1886-1884 and 1885 at any rate.

Question. I will ask you to state if, at any time while you were there employed as a brick mason, you saw any dead hogs! Answer. I did. How many times? A. I could not tell you how many times I have seen that, but different times.

From the testimony of Richard Jacks, p. 502:

Q. What is your best impression as to the number of times? A. I suppose a half a dozen. Do you know what those hogs died off I do not, positively. My impression was

· How many dead hogs at any one time did you see in the field or pen? The most I ever saw was thirteen. You saw thirteen dead there at one time,

that they died of cholers.

Yes, sir. Q. And those thirteen hors you saw there dead at one time you think died of cholera? I think so.

State if at the time you saw the cholera hogs that were dead in the pen or field, whether they were slaughtering hogs in the same place? I did at one other time.

How many hogs were dead at this other

time you speak of? I did not see but two or three. And they were killing hogs then? Yes, sir, I saw them kill two. From the testimony of Douglass McClain, p. 116: Question. I will ask you to state, Mr. McClain.

if at any time while you were there anything was said to you in reference to eating meat or eating pork, and if so, state what was said? Answer. There was one fellow there instructed me not to eat meat. Who was hel

James Crissinger. He was employed in the institution as an attendant. What did he say? He told me not to eat the meat, for it was

From the testimony of J. C. Jameson-trustees' witness-Question. Can you remember any circumstances connected with the seeing of the dead

Answer. These that were dead were down on the English farm. They had some hogs there that had the cholers-I think they said it was the cholera-I don't know what it was, and they got some new hogs-fat hogs. The fat hogs they wanted killed, and I went down to kill the hogs in a field, where there were two or three dead hogs being taken out.

From the testimony of James Hunt-trustees' witness-Question. Is it not a fact that you frequently killed hogs in the drove that had hogs in it that were dying of disease?

Answer. There were some of them died, but I could not say what they died of, whether they died of cholers or whether they were over-

From the testimony of John N. Navin, veterinary sur-

Question. Did any of the hogs die! Q. How many of that lot? Between eighteen, twenty-five and thirty.

Of what disease did they die! They had hog cholera. From the testimour of Thomas W. Rynn, p. 717:

Question. Did you have anything to do with the bog-killing! Answer. Yes, sir, I have killed hoge there.

Q. What is the fact as to there having been dead hogs about when you went down to kill!

A. There were dead hogs.

Q. In the neighborhood of other hogs!

A. Yes, sir; in the came grounds with them.

Q. Were these hogs in a pen or in an open field, or where?

In an open field. What did you do? With the patients I took with me from the ward and the other attendant that went with me, and Mr. Hunt, the butcher, helped us

drive the hogs up to the pen.

Yes, sir.

All the hogs together!

Were there any dead hogs in the way! Yes, sir: we drove them over some dead When you got them into the pen, what did you do?

A. We picked out what hogs we thought were fit to be killed. Q. And killed them? Yes, sir; we killed the best-looking ones

in the crowd. What about hogs dying about that time! Yes, sir: some of them were not really able to walk up there by themselves unless there was a little willow behind and pricking them up a little mite.

Q. What was the reason they could not walk -apparently sick? A. Sick; yes, sir. It appeared to me that they had the blind staggers, and they really had the symptoms of cholera I know, honestly, they really had the cholers. I could tell that by the way they acted.

From the testimony of John A. Perkins, p. 1032-trustees' Question. What kind of hogs were they?

Were they sick? Answer. I do not think they were sick when they came there. There wasn't many of those that died. There was something over a hundred; I don't remember just the number of that lot, but there was only five or six out of that number that Did you see those of that lot that died

after they died? Did you see them while they were sick?

What did you think was the matter with A. I thought it was cholera.

Q. Were you present when any of them were A. Yes, sir; all of them. I was there when the majority of them were butchered.

What did they do with the hogs that died?

Hauled them off and sold them. Q. Let us take another lot of hogs. Do you know of any other large lot of hogs of which any were sick? A. There was a small lot driven there by somebody, I do not know who: I think probably

fifteen, and I think all of those died-every one Q. What did they look like when you first A. I thought they were sick, and I told Dr.

Fletcher I thought they were a sickly lot of hogs when they came there; I didn't think they were much account. Q. What is your best judgment about the number of the next lot?

A. It seems to me it was near one hundred. About how many of them died? I think the most of them died. A. They were sick hogs when they were brought there, and began dying soon after they

came there, and died on until they quit killing them. When they began to die so fast they didn't butcher any of those down at the other Q. You say they quit killing this lot you are speaking of now! Had they killed any of them

From the testimony of W. S. Johnson, p. 1175: Question I call your attention to the hogs; do you know if they have kept hogs out there at Answer. Yes, sir. Did you ever see any killing?

Yes, sir, I have seen them kill hogs quite often. Q. State what is the fact as to your having seen them kill hogs there from a drove when

there were dead hogs lying around.

A. Last summer I was farming a piece of land. I raised my own corn for my teams, and I farmed a piece just west of the asylum, and I was going down there to see my teams work, and I was going out on the I. & St. L. railroad. The bogs were dying at the hospital, and they had made a pen cut there along the I. & St. L. railroad, between that and the creek, just below the mili dam, and as I was going out they were in there killing and putting them into a two-horse wagon, and taking them over near the pen where they dressed them. Q. Were there any dead hogs around there when they were killing?

A. Why, all the hoge were dying. I had been past there quite often and seen them lying around in the hog pen there.

From the testimony of William Cain, p. 176: Question. As to your butchering experiencewant to know if you ever saw any hogs there with hog cholers, or diseased hogs. Answer. I saw them there what I supposed were diseased hogs-with cholers. I saw them lying dead in the pens.

Q. Do you know anything about who bought A. No, sir; I do not know any more than what I heard the farm-hands say there. There was one time a car-load of hogs came there, and they said Dr. Harrison bought them. I saw them when they were driving them to the pens. Q. What was their appearance?

A. Very sickly appearance, and very deli-How was that observable?

Their bair was kind of curled and deadlooking, and they had the appearance of a sick nog. I have been raised on a farm, and I say they looked like they had the cholera. Q. You know when you see a diseased hog He says: whether it has cholera or not? A. Yes, sir.

When you helped to kill hogs where did you take the hogs from? They were knocked in the pen with an ax. Were they in separate droves there! A. No. sir: they were all running there. Some of them were separated in pens. The

pens were there altogether. Were there any diseased hogs there? Yes sir; I saw hogs lying in the pens

At the same time you took out some live ones to kill? A. Yes, sir.

New York City's Big Registry. Special to Courier-Journal.

The last Sunday but one before the election was made a busy day by the local Democracy. The leaders and workers were seen everywhere, toiling for the ticket. The great registration is the all-absorbing topic of conversation in politi-cal circles, and there is grave apprehension on both sides that many fraudulent voters have been registered. The registration of 33,015 votes yesterday, though the smallest of the four days, brings the grand total up to the enormous figure of 286,547. This beats the record out of sight, for it shows an excess over the registration of 1887 of 53,111, over that of 1884 of 45,641, and over that of 1880 of 79,618. The last day of registration was marked by but few arrests of illegal voters, but a few days will doubtless see many behind prison bars. Inspector Byrnes had men sta-tioned in many registry places, on the lookout for colonists, and just what the results of their

observations were will soon be made known. A study of the figures shows an increase in every Assembly district in the city, as compared with the registration of last year, and also 1884 and 1880. The increase is more marked in some districts than in others, but, on the whole, is really phenomenal.

Belitting West.

Philadelphia Record (Dem.) The British minister plays tennis and takes walks. That is about the size of it all. Ordinarily he is known as "Old Silence." At dinners and at parties, as at conferences and negotiations, West has been as silent as a dead clam. One night at a party last winter he stood silently contemplating the dancers so long that a young society man thought he was slowly petrifying. In order to save him the young man moved up to him as though inviting conversation. For a full minute West, who knew him perfectly well, looked steadily and silently at him. Then he suddenly dropped his single eye-glass and ejaculated: 'Let's have some sherry?" which was his entire conversation for that evening. Nor did any one suppose until this week that West could write. The fact is that West is too old for work. Forty-three years ago he entered the British diplomatic service as a clerk to the Earl of Aberdeen, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Ever since then he has been slowly drying up. Attache at Lisbon and Berlin, secretary at Tunis, Madrid, Berlin and Paris, charge d'affairs occasionally, and finally minister to the Argentine Republic, to Spain and to the United States, he has long since left his wits behind him.

A Word to the Workman.

The man who sawed the limb he was sitting was wise by the side of the workman who votes against his own wages.

THE old saying "opposition is the life of bustness" has not been sustained in one instance at least. Since the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup all other cough remedies have been dead stock and the venders are in despair.

DID NOT LIKE CLEVELAND.

Another Significant Letter from Mr. Hendricks Relating to the President.

A Racy Address to the Democrats of Indiana from One Who Was Close to the Vice-President and Ris Family.

Henry D. Pierce, nephew of the late Vicepresident Hendricks, has from the beginning of the campaign been a stanch advocate of Gen. Harrison's election. The Democratic press, following the lead of the Sentinel, has never ceased to abuse him. In the following letter he meets his slanderers with an array of facts that should lead Indiana Democrats to place the seal of condemnation upon Grover Cleve-"To the Democrats of Indiana: "The Indianapolis Sentinel, confessedly a

strong paper, instead of attempting to meet the issues raised by the letter of the late Vice-president, given by me to the public, is content to hear abuse upon me personally, in order to divert attention, if possible, from the fact involved-the ill-treatment of Gov. Hendricks by the President, and the latter's uppopularity Indiana for that reason and others. It is hardly to be supposed that the Sentinel will cease its attacks; but however unpleasant this may be to me, Hendricks Democrats and proud Indianiaus should consider that the question is not so much who brings the facts before them, as what did Mr. Hendricks himself say and think of the coarse ingratitude shown him by Grover Cleveland. They should bear in mind, that, aside from the influence of the letter in question, they have the highest possible example for disapproval of the President, in no less a person than the most estimable widow of the Vice-president himself: for it is a fact well known to influential Democrats here, that this earnest woman, with most excellent sense and for the best of reasons, repeatedly declared that she would not only not have any relations with the President, but would not even visit Washington City, so long as he occupied the White House; all this on account of his treatment of her late husband. Finally finding it necessary to visit Washington on business, she was entreated with great earnestness by a high government official to call upon his Ex-cellency, but never for one instant wavered from her determination, and would not, and did not, see him at all. Her open criticism of him was widespread and unconcealed. Later, when Cleveland visited Indiana, about a year ago, upon his tour of enclyclopædic-peddling, Mrs. Hendricks again absolutely refused to meet him. Prominent Democrats made appeals upon appeals to her, among them, most urgently, even a leading justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, who had long been one of her husband's honored friends, but all without avail, until in a dilemma of bewilderment she called into her confidence a still more intimate friend of her husband and family. He urged her, out of regard for appearances, to permit Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland to call upon her. She at last yielded, with a good sense no one will question, with a woman's delicate consideration for a woman-the innocent wife of the stolid offender. But for this concession the President would have been deservedly enubbed, and Mrs. Senator McDonald's famous lunch would not have spoiled in vainly waiting for the distinguished guests, who in the end had not time to so much as look at it. Every Indianian should honor Mrs. Hendricks for the stand she took

throughout, and honor her all the more for the coals of fire she heaped upon the ingrate's head. Yet voters, with no cause for personal umbrage; loving, however, the memory of their former chieftain; having Indiana's stake and pride at heart; bearing upon their suffrages the responsibility of continuing in office this unfeeling autocrat: need not, will not, forgive or forget, even though they be lampooned by associates they value, as I have valued the gentlemen of the Sentinel in twenty years of cordial relations. As for the Sentinel: One need not find any fault with its change of front, assum-ing, as I hope we can, that this is sincere; but not long since it was opposed to Cleveland, as thousands of protection Democrats are to-day. Less than two years ago it published, and pub lished with avidity, an account written by me of a deliberate, coarse and uncalled-for insult to Indiana by Mr. Cleveland during a social call I made with a lady at the White House; and it also published more than once, and published always with avidity, matter directly reflecting upon the President, and eulogistic of Gov. Hill, of New York, matter given me by Governor Hill himself, for publication; the paper republishing which was sent to Governor Hill he, personally thanking me for it. In all this, the ablest member of the Sentinel's presentable staff concurred most heartily, with personal observations of his own in the same vein, warmly sympathetic with Hendricks-hot ly denunciatorylof Cleveland. The Sentinel may, of course, forget its love for Governor Hill as the heir of Hendricks in Democratic affection and principle, and profess an attachment for the enemy of both Hill and Hendricks; but citizens exercising their sovereign privilege fraught with weal or woe to manufacturing, the vital princi-ple of Indiana's industrial life, need not be deterred by indecentabuse from learning reasons for opposition to this man of bad destiny, quite as valid now as when the Sentinel espoused them, and the more significant since the Free Trade Bilzzard of last December brought such disaster to our growth and industries. Governor Hendricks has even spoken further; see what he bimself has said; I have been permitted to make a copy (which I have taken the time to procure) of a letter written by him to a friend, June 14, 1884, only a few days before the meeting of the convention, which forced upon him

the nawilling task of pulling Cleveland through. INDIANAPOLIS, June 14, 1884. Dear - I take it for granted the "old ticket" is a thing of the past, and I feel sure that nothing I could have said or done would have made it otherwise had I been in New York. I really believe if Governor Tilden had felt it possible for him to accept, he would not have written the letter. Had the "old ticket" been successful, I would have hoped to see you gratified in some such appointment, as you suggested to me at one time. I. will still hope that I may have some influence to serve you as you may wish; and for that, and to be able to serve other friends, I will seek to be on reasonable terms with the successful ticket. This State will now go for McDonald, but it seems to me that Governor Cleveland has the strongest position of any candidate. McDonald may be fortunate in respect to the second place. For myself I will have nothing to ask of any successful candidate—nothing to care for, but, if possible, to serve some friends.

Truly, T. A. H. (T. A. Hendricks.)

(This is every word of the letter, except address; an electrotype of it can be had if required.) He sacrificed himself to help his friends; took place he did not want, and over and over again said he would not have; placed the ingrate Cleveland in the seat he fills: was snubbed, disappointed, chagrined, mortified. He says himself, in his letter to his sister, already published: Mr. Bayard is not sincere; it (Bayard's plan of appointments) seemed too absurd; I was at Gettysburg after that and traveled with the President, and had a full talk with him and protested against Bayard's proposition, etc., but the trouble is that the Secretary of State appears to control all foreign appointments himself. Up to this time I do not know of an exception. I have found the whole matter of appointments most disagreeable, because no opinion can be formed till the appointment is announced, and in so many cases those are disappointed who were supposed to have most information. I supposed -was going to strengthen his application with letters from persons supposed to be in favor at headquarters -General Hancock and others, but I think nothing has been done; perhaps it would do no good, but it would

Observe his pathetic conviction that he was not "in favor at headquarters." Headquarters he had created, and that, too, in order to serve his friends. What I, or others in the ranks of Indiana protectionists, think or say is not at all the question; but what did Mr. Hendricks think! I do not presume to speak for him. He spoke quite explicitly for himself, and the votes of indignant Democrats will vindicate his memory in November. While they honor their State and General Harrison, their gallant fellow-citizen, they will bury the monstrous ingrate by the side of his vampire-Southern free tradein a storm of ballots as myriad flakes of November snows bury the overgrown, overturned noxious weeds of the prairie, for Northern Democrats feel that free trade is being forced upon them by the solid South, just as, in 1860, the same solid South broke the Democratic party and defeated Stephen A. Douglas, war resulting, rather than permit the Northern element its proper voice in party direction. It is Southern free trade rule or ruin again to-day. Read what Charles A. Dana, the distinguished editor of the New York Sun, a Democratic newspaper of influence, said about Cleveland only a few

If the Sun does not like Mr. Cleveland as an individual person, it is simply in the same state of mind as every prominent Democrat and every sensible Democratic newspaper in the country. Mr. Cleveland lives in the peculiar situation of not having in all this broad land one single devoted earnest, cordial, personal friend. There is not one man who can truly and comprehensively say that he likes Mr. Cleveland. Such is the effect of the President's personal character and manners upon those who come him; and those who come into the closest contact are those who like him least. And, again, what an able Democratic editor

of your own State says on the subject: I said in my newspaper two years ago that if the Democrats were fools enough to nominate Cleveland for a second term they ought to be beaten, and would be, and I've never taken it back. Why will President Cleveland be defeated? These old soldiers are tired of having pension bills vetoed. Men who devoted

their prime of life to the preservation of the country, and were maimed in limb and constitution so as to unfit them to take care of themselves, are averse to making their homes in poor-houses, and to having their petitions for pension vetced. Their comrades are opposed to the same thing; I tell you they're beaten, and on the 7th of November just write me a card and say whether or not I told you the truth.

This is S. B. Riley, the editor of the Miner, at Brazil, one of Indiana's great industrial centers.
He is a Democrat, always has been, and says be never knew anything else. He is accredited with considerable influence among the people.

As to my connection with Mr. Hendricks, which the Sentinel assails: His noble sister, more than a mother to me, her motherly care and solicitude since my earliest childhood days far antedating the running back of my recollections, and to whom I owe so much that the longest span of life would not suffice to honor her sacred memory, should not have been dragged into public notice by a newspaper. She rests in her grave, by the side of her sister, brother, father, mother, child, and lastly, her husband-my honored father-all in the one family burial lot. Every one of her sons is warmly supporting Harrison, their uncle's successor as the "favorite son" of Indiana, as well as of the principle of protection to the interests of their country; one of them is giving his entire time and service in the East: proud myself of relationship to Thomas A. Hendricks, it is yet strictly true that for obvious reasons I have not put forward the circumstance of that relationship; but on the contrary, as his law student, his law clerk, a practicing lawyer in his office, here with him at my home, and everywhere, on trips in his private car, as his guest to the Chicago convention, his goest to the inauguration of Cleveland and Hendricks with him at his invitation in visiting President Arthur, and countless other occasions of public notice and private observation, I have always taken pains to avoid the very thing of which I am now so unjustly accused by the Sentinel. The Cleveland campaign, pushed by an able newspaper, surely shows the dead weight of its aims, when a matter of so little public importance as this is a leading topic of editorial discussion just on the eve of elec-A word as to General Harrison and Mr.

Hendricks. While the Sentinel is trying to create an impression of unfriendliness between them, common decency calls for the publication of the fact, which every member of the Hendricks family well knows, that when the Vicepresident was stricken down to his death, and while his pulseless form was yet warm, Benjamin Harrison, noble, prompt and ready, was one of the very first to appear at the house and tender genuine sympathy and service. He was there with the earliest, sooner even than all but one or two of the anxious and sorrowing relatives, and was entrusted with a prominent and responsible part in the funeral ceremonies; notable funeral ceremonies, from which Grover Cleveland coolly and indifferently held aloof, uttering at last, when pressed for it, the ridiculous excuse of "fear of assassination"-by Indiana Democrats, perhaps! HENRY D. PIERCE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 27, 1888.

A Lively Campaigo.

Philadelphia North American. When the Democrats resort to Southern election methods in the North it becomes evident that they realize the peril which threatens their ticket. In Indiana, for instance, a man's body was riddled with bullets because he shouted for Harrison, the other evening, and right here in this State the American flag, on a Republican pole, was shot at just as the Democratic party shot at it a quarter of a century ago, and is shooting at it in the Southern States to-day. These are signs of desperation, and foreshadow defeat for the Democratic party. The shotgun cannot prevail in the North.

"The Grand Old Day," a Thanksgiving poem by that "grand old" favorite, Will Carleton, with a full-page illusstration by W. L. Taylor, is a feature of the November Ladies' Home Journal. One of the best things Robert J. Burdette ever wrote is to be found there, too.

Portraits of distinguished American Women, with Biographical Sketches. Illustrated stories for the children, "Artistic Needle Work" and "Interior Decorations" are handsomely illustrated with new and original designs. Flowers and House Plants, by Eben E. Rexford, finely illustrated. Everything in our columns is new and original—the best obtainable matter by the best writers. No wonder we have nearly a million subscribers. November number on the news-stands-six cents.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia.

DIED.

KRAMER-May, the little four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kramet, Tuesday morning, 9 o'clock, of diphtheria. Funeral will take place from their residence, 269 East Market, Wednesday morning, 10 o'clock. Friends invited.

LLOYD-Oct. 30, at 8 p. m., at the residence of his father, 804 North New Jersey street, Thomas A. Lloyd. Services at 804 North New Jersey street, Oct. 31, at 2 p. m. Burial at Milford. O.

TUTEWILER, 72 W. Market st.-Cyclorama Place-Telephone 216.

SOCIETY MEETINGS. MASONIC-ANCIENT ACCEPTED SCOTTISH Rite. Meeting of Adoniram Grand Lodge of Per-fection this (Wednesday) evening, at 7:45 o'clock. J. T. BRUSH, 33°, T. P. G. M. Jos. W. Smith, 33°, Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. DROF. J. P. FILBERT, GRADUATE OF BOSTON Metaphysical College, is now located at No. 129 Pennsylvania street. Will receive calls from 9 to 12 a. m. upon the subject of Christian Science. Anyone desirous of studying Christian healing is cordially invited to call.

WANTED-SITUATION. ATANTED-SITUATION AS TRAVELING V salesman. Reference. Work cheap. 161 English avenue.

WANTED-AGENTS. ATANTED-MAN TO TAKE THE AGENCY OF our safes; size, 28x18x18 inches; weight, 500 ibs.; retail price, \$35; other sizes in proportion. A rare chance and permanent business. These safes meet a demand never before supplied by other safe companies, as we are not governed by the safe pool. ALPINE SAFE CO., Cincinnati, O.

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A penses paid any active person to sell our goods; no capital; salary monthly; expenses in advance; par-ticulars free. Standard Silverware Co., Boston. WANTED-MISCELLANEOUS. MANTED-TO BUY A NICE HOUSE, WITH

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FOR RENT. DORRENT-ROOMS, WITH STEAM POWER L' Apply at Bryce's bakery.

APATTERN-MAKER'S STORY

An Indianapolis Man Tells of His Tired

Pattern-Maker Who, for Twelve Years, Has Doubted If Life Was Worth Living-"Spin Like a Top."

"Yes, they make nearly everything out of

paper now. I am a pattern-maker and work at

the American paper pulley-works at 180 S. Pennsylvania street." The above remark was addressed to the writer by Mr. Albert H. Bettcher, a young man whose picture accompanies this.

"I have lived in this city all my life," Mr. Bettcher continued, "in fact was born here. My life has been that of the generality of city men up to about twelve years ago. The change then was anything but pleasant.

"It was like this: Twelve years ago in the

winter I caught a severe cold. How, I don't recollect, but I remember, however, that I had it all of that winter. In the spring, when the weather grew warm, my cold appeared to get better, and during the summer months I didn't suffer much from it, but with the return of winter my cold returned with renewed violence. "And so it went on, season after season, for six long years, each winter bringing back my

sufferings with increased intensity. About eix years since the trouble assumed a new and more serious form. My nose would run-that is a thin, watery mucus would flow from my nose almost constantly. Later on the nostrils would stop up-first on one side then on the other. In trying to clear my nose of the obstacles in the air passages I would



MR. ALBERT BETTCHER

blow out large scabs or lumps of mucus which were frequently streaked with blood. "I would spit up a great deal of mucus of a whitish and sometimes a yellow color which seemed to have dropped down into my throat from the interior of my head. This was a con-stant annoyance, as well as very unpleasant, as the mucus had a bad teste and odor.

"There was a tickling sensation in my throat and a dryness that caused me to cough a great deal. I had headaches more or less severe troubling me constantly. The pain would come in spots—sometimes right on the top of my head, then at the base of my skull, then just over my eyes and across my forehead. There was a buzzing, ringing sensation in my ears. I noticed I was becoming hard of hearing. My memory grew poor. I would forget easily.

"There was a sore, tender feeling in my chest and at times a sharp, shooting pain darting through my side. My appetite grew poor and the very sight of food would turn me sick. "My rest at night was disturbed by horrible dreams and in the morning I would awaken with an unrefreshed feeling, more tired than when I had gone to bed. I had a bad taste in my mouth and a collection of slime about the teeth and could eat scarcely any breakfast.

"If, when stooping over, I would straighten up quickly, my head would spin round like a top and I would scarcely be able to see for a moment. And then I would feel so tired. I wonder if you have ever felt that feeling. "You lose all ambition; you seem to live in little world of your own; the sound of voices come to your ear indistinctly, as if they were far off; you understand that this or that must be done and plod through it-how you can hardly tell; you would like to sleep a little while longer in the morning or put off some duty until to-morrow and you would much rather sit down than move; it is even too much exertion to move your hands, or your feet; you would sooner sit perfectly still, until the very position you are sitting in becomes a burden to you. You get gloomy and have unpleasant forebodings. If

you have felt this way you can imagine how I felt and what I had to contend with." "You don't feel that way now!"
"No," concluded Mr. Bettcher, "thanks to the treatment of Dr. Franklyn Blair, of 203 North Illinois street, I am feeling better than I have in years. My cough does not bother me. I eat

and sleep well, and feel altogether like a new [Mr. Bettcher lives at 231 South Delaware street where he may be found and this statement

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